

The Simpsons

"Some Enchanted Evening"

Written By
Matt Groening
and
Sam Simon

**As Recorded Draft
5/15/89**

THE SIMPSONS

"Some Enchanted Evening"

Cast List

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MS. BOTZ.....PENNY MARSHALL
RADIO ANNOUNCER (KBBL)..HARRY SHEARER
KBBL WEATHERMAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
BILL PIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DR. MARVIN MONROE.....HARRY SHEARER
SCREENER.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....CHRIS COLLINS
BARNEY.....CHRIS COLLINS
WORKER #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FLORIST.....PAUL WILSON
RECEPTIONIST.....JUNE FORAY
MAITRE D'.....CHRIS COLLINS
BUBBLES.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
DOOFY.....JUNE FORAY
TV ANNOUNCER.....CHRIS COLLINS
RADIO ANNOUNCER (KMB0)..DAN CASTELLANETA
U-SQUEAL OPERATOR.....JUNE FORAY
TV REPORTER.....HARRY SHEARER

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SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

An idyllic scene. The sun is rising, birds are CHIRPING.
We PULL IN on the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

MARGE looks out the window and HUMS a tuneless melody as she makes breakfast. She's wearing a bathrobe. MAGGIE is in a high chair, SUCKING on her pacifier.

MARGE

(SATISFIED SIGH, IN A TRANQUIL, HUSHED
TONE, LOVINGLY) You know, Maggie, this
is my favorite time of the day. Just
you and me, making a hearty breakfast
for the rest of the family, stoking
their little furnaces for the busy day
ahead.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS)

Marge cracks some eggs into a pan. **SFX: SIZZLE.**

MARGE

(CONFIDENTIALLY) And you know what else

I like about the wee hours of the morn?

This is our time to be together.

(KISSES ON FOREHEAD)

In quick succession, the toast **POPS**, the oatmeal **BLURBLES**, tea kettle **WHISTLES**, and the eggs are ready. Marge finishes setting a beautiful tableau of a breakfast table, and pours herself a cup of coffee.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS IN AGREEMENT)

MARGE

Oh, I dread the day when you realize

you're a separate human being. Oh,

listen, Maggie, I think I hear those

sleepyheads now...

INT. HALLWAY - FAMILY'S P.O.V

We see Marge and the breakfast table at the end of the long hallway. The **CAMERA RAPIDLY TRACKS** down the hallway, shaking as if it's in the midst of a cattle stampede. Some of the picture frames on the wall swing back and forth. **SFX: RUMBLING STAMPEDE.** Marge smiles until the very end of their approach, and then her smile fades.

INT. KITCHEN

(NOTE: The following chaos occurs in extremely fast action.) **HOMER, BART, and LISA** stampede in. Homer is wearing a shirt and tie, but no pants. He immediately switches on the radio. **SFX: ANNOYING TRAFFIC REPORT,** which continues throughout the following scene.

KBBL WEATHERMAN (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) ...with a possibility of showers later tonight. And now to our own pie in the sky, Bill Pie, in the KBBL traffic copter. So come in, Bill.

SFX: LOTS OF CHOPPER NOISE.

BILL PIE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Bad news, drivers.

There's an overturned melon truck on the Interstate. Oh, it's a mess. There's a lot of rubbernecking and melon rustling going on, so expect delays of up to three hours. Meanwhile, over on south-bound Main Street, traffic is stop-and-go, backed up from the Springfield Arts and Crafts Festival on Beech Street. And there's a multiple fender bender outside of the Springfield Civic Center, so I'd stay clear if I were you. Now here's an update on that overturned melon truck. Still a mess. Lot of looting. Rubbernecking still going on. Traffic still stop-and-go on Beech Street. There's still a fender bender outside the Civic Center.

(MORE)

BILL PIE (V.O. CONT'D)

I don't know why that's still there.

I'd stay clear of it if I were you.

This is Bill Pie, your pie in the sky,
saying good-bye.

Bart looks at the breakfast with a disgusted expression.

BART

Ugh.

He runs to get a box of presweetened cereal, with a picture of Krusty the Klown on the box, opening and **SLAMMING** shut lots of cabinet doors and the refrigerator.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey! Where's the Frosty Krusty Flakes?

(FINDS THEM) Aha!

Lisa also opens and **SLAMS** cabinet doors looking for donuts. Homer, shaving with a cordless shaver, stands by the table, grabbing fried eggs with his hands and dropping them down his gullet. **MAGGIE'S** pupils bounce around as they follow the frenetic goings-on.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS NERVOUSLY)

Bart sits down at the table with his flakes. He removes a spoonful of sugar from the sugar bowl, and pours the contents of the bowl on his cereal. Marge looks unhappy.

MARGE

(DISMAYED) But there's hearty
oatmeal... and fresh squeezed O.J...
and whole-wheat toast...

Bart and Lisa see what the other is having for breakfast.

BART

(WITH MOUTH FULL OF SUGARY CEREAL)

Hey! Donuts!

Bart stretches across the table and grabs the donut box.

LISA

Bart, there's one left and it's mine!

Lisa and Bart have a tug of war with the donut box. They RIP the box in half, sending the donut flying.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS NERVOUSLY)

Homer smoothly grabs the donut with one hand and drops it in his mouth. Bart and Lisa react with disgust.

LISA

Awww, Dad.

BART

(SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH ABOVE) Awww...

Homer!

Homer daintily **SUCKS** on the tips of each finger while Marge glares at him. Homer takes Marge's cup of coffee from her saucer, which she's been holding throughout the scene, and **SLURPS** from it noisily. Then he puts the cup back on the saucer.

HOMER

Ahhhh! (CHECKS HIS WATCH, THEN LOOKS

DOWN) Whoops, don't want to go to work

in my shorts! (CHUCKLES AT OWN WIT)

Homer exits. SFX: BUS HORN BEEPING

LISA

(MOUTH FULL) Uh oh, school bus.

SFX: ANOTHER BUS HORN BEEP

Bart goes to the window.

BART

Hey, cool your jets, man. We're
comin'!

Bart **GULPS** one last long swig of milk straight from the half-gallon carton and wipes his mouth with the kitchen curtain. Bart and Lisa grab their coats and school books and race out of the kitchen. Marge holds up their lunch boxes. (Bart's: Krusty the Klown, Lisa's: Happy Little Elves.)

MARGE

(CALLING) You forgot the special lunches I made.

INT. FOYER

Bart has his hand jammed into Marge's purse. He pulls out a few bills and deals some to Lisa.

BART

That's okay, Mom!

LISA

We got money!

Bart and Lisa race out the door and **SLAM** it behind them. (NOTE: As they race out, the Simpsons' black cat, **SNOWBALL II**, enters.) Marge enters and crosses to the front door.

MARGE

Now just a darn... (DISAPPOINTED SIGH)

After a beat, Homer comes bounding down the stairs fully clothed, **ZIPPING** up his pants. Homer doesn't notice Marge puckering up for a good-bye kiss. So, as he crosses through, her puckered lips rotate. When he exits, **SLAMMING** the door behind him, the door hits Marge square in the puckered lips, causing her hair to wobble.

INT. HALLWAY

Marge crosses into kitchen, annoyed.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge enters.

MARGE

(FORLORN) Well, Maggie, it's just me
and you again.

Maggie has fallen asleep in her high chair.

INT. KITCHEN

From the radio, we **HEAR** the KBBL station **JINGLE**.

JINGLE CHORUS (V.O.)

(SUNG) K-B-B-L! In Springfield!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(FROM RADIO) This is K-B-B-L. K-
Babble. All talk, twenty-four hours a
day. If you'd like to share your
embarrassing problems with our
listening audience, we invite you to
call our therapist of the airwaves,
Dr. Marvin Monroe. Our number is 555-
PAIN.

Marge picks up the phone, starts to dial, then stops.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O. CONT'D)

(FROM RADIO) Don't be afraid! Call
now!

Marge dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RADIO STATION

DR. MARVIN MONROE, a heavy, chain-smoking, compulsive eater, is sitting inside a glass radio booth. A SCREENER answers the phone.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, I'd like to talk to Dr. Monroe.

SCREENER

(INTO PHONE) First name, age, problem.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) I'm Marge, (TENTATIVELY) thirty-four, and my problem (GETTING EMOTIONAL) is my husband. He doesn't listen to me. He doesn't appreciate me. I don't know how much more of this I can --

SCREENER

(INTO PHONE) Hey, lady! Save your whining for when you're on the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

We PULL IN on the plant.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

There are warning signs everywhere. "WARNING - RADIOACTIVE AREA," "NO SMOKING, NO EATING, NO FOOLISH HORSEPLAY," "7 DAYS SINCE LAST ACCIDENT", "IN CASE OF MELTDOWN, BREAK GLASS" (glass is already broken). Homer is working behind safety glass with his hands in heavy lead mitts. A radio on the other side of the glass is playing.

DR. MARVIN MONROE (V.O.)

(FROM RADIO) Okay... Let's see...

Next we have...

INT. RADIO STATION - GLASS BOOTH

The Screener holds up two cards. One card says:
"LINE 1 -- MARGE, 34, ANOTHER UNAPPRECIATED WIFE." Second
card says: "LINE 2 -- PAUL, 41, NAIL BITER (NOT HIS OWN)."

DR. MARVIN MONROE (CONT'D)

(INTO MICROPHONE) Marge. She's
thirty-four, and trapped in a loveless
sham of a marriage.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

HOMER

Hey, turn it up. I love hearing those
wackos.

Co-worker turns up Dr. Marvin Monroe. (NOTE: During the
following we intercut between the radio station, the
kitchen, and the power plant.)

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) Tell me about your
husband, Marge.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) When we were dating, he
was more romantic, he was sweeter and
forty pounds thinner, and he had hair,
and he ate with utensils.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

What was that last thing you said?

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Some WORKERS have gathered and are listening to the radio. They WHISPER and point at Homer.

WORKER ONE

Isn't that your wife, Homer?

HOMER

Don't be ridiculous. My wife worships the ground I walk on.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) Marge, Marge darling, this is what I call harsh reality time.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE; WORRIED) Ohhh.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) Your husband is a selfish pig. (BEAT) And you deserve him.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Oh. Well, okay, thank you.

She starts to hang up.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) No, no, don't hang up! You deserve him because you let him treat you this way.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) I do?

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) I'm as sure of it as
I'm sure my voice is annoying.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Wow, that sure?

DR. MARVIN MONROE

(INTO MICROPHONE) Marge, tonight, the
second he comes through that front
door, you've got to tell him you're fed
up. And if he doesn't start loving,
you'll be leaving.

MARGE

Leave Homer?

DR. MARVIN MONROE

Please. Don't use his real name.

MARGE

Leave Pedro?

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Lots of WORKERS, including some in radiation suits on the
contaminated side of the glass, have gathered around Homer.

DR. MARVIN MONROE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Can you be that honest,
Marge?

MARGE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Yeah.

DR. MARVIN MONROE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) You'll tell him right
when he gets home from work?

MARGE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Yeah.

DR. MARVIN MONROE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Say it like you mean it.

MARGE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO; GUTTURAL) Yeah.

DR. MARVIN MONROE (V.O.)

(OVER RADIO) Atta girl!

CLOSEUP - HOMER

Looks distraught. He **GULPS**.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

Bart is holding the phone while Lisa and Maggie look on.

LISA

Oh, come on, Bart, not again.

BART

Where's your sense of humor?

Bart dials the phone. Lisa listens in on the receiver.

CRUSTY VOICE (MOE)

(OVER PHONE) Moe's Tavern.

BART

(INTO PHONE) Hello, is Al there?

CRUSTY VOICE (MOE)

(OVER PHONE; ANNOYED) Al?

BART

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, Al. Last name,
Koholic.

CRUSTY VOICE (MOE)

(OVER PHONE) Let me check.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

A working-class bar. MOE, the skinny, crusty-voiced, owner of the bar, drops the phone.

MOE (CONT'D)

Phone call for Al. Al Koholic. Is there an Al Koholic here?

(MORE)

BARNEY and SAM LAUGH.

MOE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... (GRABBING PHONE)

Listen, you little yellowbelly rat bastard, if I ever find out who you are, I'll kill ya! (HANGS UP)

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Bart and Lisa roll on the floor in gales of convulsive LAUGHTER.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Moe, shaking his head, crosses to Homer, who's sitting at the far end of the bar nursing a beer.

HOMER

I hope you do find that punk someday,
Moe. Fill 'er up.

MOE

Is everything okay, Homer? Usually you have a quick one, some peanuts, a hunka beef jerky, a couple pickled eggs, and you're outta here.

HOMER

Let's just say, I don't feel like goin' home tonight. Jar, please.

Moe slides him the jar of eggs. Homer reaches in up to his elbow and fishes for a choice one.

MOE

Hey, you can level with me. You got a domestic situation?

HOMER

(CONTEMPLATES HIS EGG, THEN JAMS IT IN MOUTH) You might say that. My wife's gonna leave me 'cause she thinks I'm a pig.

MOE

Homer?

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) What?

Moe wipes up the egg crumbs that have spilled from Homer's mouth.

MOE (CONT'D)

Marge is right. You are a pig. You can ask anyone in this bar.

HOMER

What? (YELLS) Hey, Barney, am I a pig?

BARNEY

(DRUNKENLY) You're no more of a pig
than I am.

Barney wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh, no.

MOE

See? You're a pig. Barney's a pig.
Larry's a pig. We're all pigs. Except
for one difference. Once in a while,
we can crawl out of the slop, hose
ourselves off, and act like human
beings. (REALIZING) It's probably the
only reason women put up with us.
Homer, buy your wife some flowers, and
take her out for a night on the town.
Candles, tablecloth, the whole nine
yards.

HOMER

Gee, a romantic evening. She bugged me
for years to give her one of those.

MOE

I'm not done. (LEANS IN) After dinner, the two of you are going to check into the fanciest motel in town, and not check out until the next morning. If you get my drift.

HOMER

I read you loud and clear.

All BARFLIES CHUCKLE lasciviously.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

We start CLOSE ON the grandfather clock; it's 6:14. Bart and Lisa sit at the table in front of their empty Melmac plates, while Maggie looks on.

LISA

Wow, a quarter past six. What's keeping Dad?

BART

Yeah, who would possibly be late on meat loaf night?

INT. HOWARD'S FLOWERS - NIGHT

Homer enters. He avoids eye contact with the florist.

HOMER

(MUTTERING) Uh... I'd like some flowers.

FLORIST

What kind of flowers?

HOMER

(MUTTERING) You know, pretty ones.
You know, not dead. The kind you give
to a wife.

FLORIST

Well, we have some beautiful long-stem
roses. They're fifty-five dollars a
dozen.

HOMER

(EMBARRASSED) One, please.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER

We start **CLOSE ON** the grandfather clock; it's 6:29. The clock **TICK TOCKS** rhythmically. We see Marge from behind, tapping her foot impatiently. **PAN TO** Maggie **SUCKING** in rhythm. We **CUT WIDE**, and see that all three kids are standing there with their empty (Melmac) plates in their hands.

LISA

Hey, Mom.

BART

How 'bout some grub?

THE KIDS' P.O.V.

Marge swivels her head and snarls. **SFX: COUGAR SNARL.**

MARGE'S P.O.V.

The kids **SCREAM** and zip off. The Melmac plates are left suspended in mid-air for a beat, and then drop to the ground with their **TELLTALE CLATTER.**

NEW ANGLE

The animal Marge, **BREATHING HEAVILY**, looks at the clock,
and glares at the **CAMERA**.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a flash of lightning. SFX: THUNDER. A sudden downpour begins. SFX: RAIN.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER

Marge is standing a few feet from the front door, glaring at it as Mike Tyson glares at an opponent during introductions. The clock says 6:46.

MARGE

(HEAVY BREATHING)

Spectral visions of the kitchen radio materialize one by one and start to circle around Marge's head.

DR. MARVIN MONROE'S VOICE

(FROM SPECTRAL RADIO #1 WITH ECHO)

Your husband is a selfish pig... pig...
pig...

DR. MARVIN MONROE'S VOICE

(FROM SPECTRAL RADIO #2 WITH ECHO) And
you deserve him... Deserve him...
Deserve him...

DR.MARVIN MONROE'S VOICE

(FROM SPECTRAL RADIO #3 WITH ECHO) If

he doesn't start loving, you're

leaving... leaving... leaving...

SFX: CAR DRIVES UP, DOOR SLAMS.

We start to hear approaching **FOOTSTEPS.**

CLOSE UP - MARGE'S FISTS

They clench.

CLOSE UP - MARGE'S NOSTRILS

They flare.

CLOSE UP - MARGE

Her eyes glow red and veins start to throb on her forehead.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - WALKWAY - NIGHT

Homer trudges up the walkway to the front porch, using the heart-shaped candy box to shield his head from the rain. He stops at the front door and gazes at the metal eagle door knocker.

HOMER

(GULPS; TO HIMSELF) Marge, I...

(CLEARS HIS THROAT) love you. Marge,

(NON-DESCRIPT MUTTERING) honey, I love

you. Marge, I love you, baby. Marge,

sweetie, hooney, honey...(DEFEATED)

Aah, this'll never work.

INT. FOYER - OVER MARGE'S SHOULDER

Marge throws open the door.

CLOSE UP - MARGE

A SNARLING animal.

MARGE'S P.O.V. - HOMER

He stands there with the flower and the heart-shaped box of candy. The flower trembles slightly. Homer looks up, startled.

HOMER

(A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) (MUMBLING WITH
FEELING) I love you, Marjorie.

CLOSE UP - MARGE

Her angry look transforms before our very eyes into one of utter devotion.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

Homer stands there for a moment, and Marge pulls him inside. They embrace.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I love you, too.

The three kids pop their heads around the corner.

LISA

Awww...

MAGGIE

(SUCKS)

BART

Oh, gross, man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Plates are on the table. Lisa and Maggie are watching Bart, who is holding the phone.

BART

A little pre-dinner entertainment...

Bart dials.

MOE'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Moe's Tavern.

BART

(INTO PHONE) Is Oliver there?

MOE'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Who?

BART

(INTO PHONE) Oliver Klozoff.

MOE'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Hold on, I'll check.

SFX: PHONE DROPPING, ETC.

MOE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(OVER PHONE, DISTANT) Oliver Klozoff!

Call for Oliver Klozoff.

The kids start to LAUGH.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Homer and Marge are on the couch. Marge is holding her box of chocolates and sniffing her flower.

HOMER

...and I've made reservations at Chez Paree.

MARGE

(GASPS) But Homer, it's so expensive.

HOMER

It matters not, mon frere. And after desserts, we'll adjourn to our second-floor room at the Off Ramp Inn.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. I feel giddy. Wait, what about a babysitter?

HOMER

Oops.

MARGE

Not to worry.

Marge picks up the phone.

MOE'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Listen, you lousy bum, if I ever get hold of you, I swear, I'll cut your belly open!

Marge **SLAMS** down the phone.

MARGE

Goodness, must be a crossed wire.

Marge picks up the phone again and dials.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Rubber Baby Buggy Bumper Babysitting Service.

MARGE

This is Marge Simpson. I'd like a babysitter for the evening.

CUT TO:

INT. RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPER BABYSITTING SERVICE

A small office with an OLDER, KINDLY-LOOKING WOMAN RECEPTIONIST sitting at the desk. SEVERAL FEMALE BABYSITTERS (including one MS. BOTZ) sit by their suitcases on the couch, reading and knitting.

RECEPTIONIST

(INTO PHONE) Wait a minute... The
Simpsons?

Receptionist turns to a bulletin board on the wall.

NEW ANGLE

Photos of Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are pinned to a Rogues' Gallery bulletin board with other much smaller pictures.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Maggie, Lisa, and (DISGUSTED) Ugh!

Bart? Lady, you gotta be kidding.

Receptionist hangs up. A second later, the PHONE RINGS again.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Rubber Baby Buggy Bumper
Babysitting Service.

HOMER'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Hello, this is Mr...
Sampson.

RECEPTIONIST

(INTO PHONE) Did your wife just call a
second ago?

HOMER'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) No. I said Sampson, not
Simpson.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Homer is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

(OVER PHONE) Oh. Thank God. Those
Simpsons. What a bunch of savages.
Especially that big ape father.

Homer holds the phone away, and tries to contain an
explosion of rage.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE; TEETH CLENCHED) Actually,
the Simpsons are neighbors of ours, and
we've found them to be a quite
misunderstood and underrated family.

RECEPTIONIST

(OVER PHONE; LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY)
Yeah, sure, right.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Marge, dressed in a white full-length slip, sits at her
vanity table putting on make-up. Her hair is setting in a
four-foot tower of curlers. Lisa looks on dreamily. The
flower is lying on the vanity.

LISA

Mom, you look so glamorous.

MARGE

Well, tonight is a very special night.
Your father is taking me out for dinner
and dancing.

LISA

Dad dances?

MARGE

Like an angel.

In the BACKGROUND, Homer, dressed in Jockey shorts and undershirt, crosses through doing the mambo.

HOMER

(SINGING) Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.

INT. BATHROOM

Bart looks on as Homer mambos up to the sink.

BART

Work that body, Homer.

Homer starts to shave.

HOMER

You know, one day you'll learn to move
like your old man.

BART

Not if I can help it.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Son, there's not a woman
alive who can resist a man who knows
how to mambo.

BART

You don't have a clue, do you, Dad?

HOMER

I'll clue you, if you don't watch your
mouth.

BART

(TO SELF) What are you going to do,
dance on me?

HOMER

Out, boy, out.

BART

What a grump.

Bart exits. Homer is finished shaving. His five o'clock shadow is completely gone. He looks at himself in the mirror.

HOMER

(RUBBING HIS FACE) Smooth as a baby's
behind.

He turns away from the mirror, his five o'clock shadow pops back. SFX: BOINK!

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS.

Marge is looking in her vanity mirror, applying mascara.

MARGE

(SWEETLY) Precious? I think I hear
the doorbell.

HOMER'S VOICE

I think you're right, dumplin'.

Homer sticks his head out the bathroom door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHARPLY) BART, GET THE DOOR!

INT. FOYER

Bart is at the top of the stairs, saluting.

BART

Aye aye, Mambo Man.

Bart slides down the banister and lands on his ass at the bottom. He springs to his feet and approaches the front door, followed by Lisa and Maggie. Bart opens the front door. Snowball II exits the house.

BART'S P.O.V.

MS. BOTZ, a severe-looking character, is standing at the front door holding a suitcase in each hand.

MS. BOTZ P.O.V.

Bart looks up.

BART

(GULPS)

Lisa peeks around from behind Bart.

LISA

(GULPS)

Maggie peeks around the other side of Bart, and **SUCKS** on her pacifier. We **HEAR** the **CLOPPING** feet of Marge and Homer coming down the stairs. Homer **HUMS** a mambo. They enter. Homer wears a plaid sport coat, a tie, and slightly flared slacks. Marge wears an elegant evening dress and elbow-length gloves.

MARGE

You must be the babysitter.

MS. BOTZ

Yes. I am Ms. Botz.

HOMER

(TO BART) Well, don't just stand there, boy. Help Miss Botz with her suitcases.

Bart starts to go for the suitcases, but Ms. Botz jerks them out of his reach.

MS. BOTZ

(PROTESTING) Uh-uh-uh-uh! I'm perfectly capable of handling my own luggage.

HOMER

Great. I'll warm up the car. (ASIDE TO MS. BOTZ) Watch out for the boy.

HOMER

Ba...ba...ba (reprise Mambo)

Homer points at Bart. Bart **SNAPS** like an alligator at Homer's finger. Homer exits.

MARGE

Thank you for coming on such short notice, Ms. Botz.

Marge hands Ms. Botz a sheet of paper.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Here are the phone numbers of the restaurant where we'll be dining and the motel where we'll be spending the night. You'll have to put Maggie to bed now.

SFX: CAR HORN HONKING.

MARGE (CONT'D)

But Bart and Lisa can stay up for another hour. Until then, they can watch a tape from our video library.

BART

Video library? You call one crummy tape a library?

LISA

(DELIGHTED) Oh, boy, "The Happy Little Elves Meet The Curious Bear Cub"!

Bart clutches his head in agony.

BART

Oh, the Elves, the Elves!

SFX: MORE INSISTENT CAR HORN BEEPING, AND THEN, A CONTINUOUS SHRILL BLAST.

Marge kisses all the children on the forehead. Bart wipes his head off.

MARGE

'Bye, now (KISS). Be good (KISS).

Gotta go (KISS).

Marge exits. The door **SLAMS** closed behind her. The horn stops honking.

SFX: CAR TIRES PEELING OUT.

MS. BOTZ

Come, children, let's go watch the
"Happy Little Elves".

PAN WITH GROUP as they go the den.

BART

Look, lady, we've seen the Crappy
Little Elves about fourteen billion
times. Maybe we can watch some real
TV.

MS. BOTZ

I said we're going to watch the tape.

BART

(DEFIANTLY) Awww, that's merely
suggested viewing matter, lady. Mom
lets us watch whatever the hell we
want.

Ms. Botz squats so she and Bart are eye-to-eye. She hands Bart the tape.

MS. BOTZ

(FIRMLY) I said, you're going to watch this tape. And you're going to do what I say, or I'm going to do something to you. And I don't know what that is, because everyone has always done what I say.

Without looking, a frightened Bart sticks the tape in the VCR. Ms. Botz carries Maggie upstairs, as Maggie waves good-bye.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - HOMER

As seen from the inside of a fish tank. His face is rippling; his nose is pressed up against the glass. We CUT WIDE, and we're:

INT. RESTAURANT (CHEZ PIERRE)

Homer is looking at a tank of live lobsters.

HOMER

They all look so tasty. But I think I'll eat this one right there.

MAITRE D'

Why don't you pick one that's a little more frisky, sir?

HOMER

Why?

MAITRE D'

Well, when you choose one that's
floating upside down, it somewhat
defeats the purpose of selecting a live
lobster.

The lobster floats by, tail and claws dangling from the top
of the tank.

HOMER

Oh, okay. Then I'll take that one
there with the beady eyes.

MAITRE D'

Excellent choice, sir. May I lead you
to your table?

Homer gestures to Marge to follow.

HOMER

Oui, oui. (TO MARGE) After you. (TO
LOBSTER) I'll be seeing you later.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

We are CLOSE ON the television. Bubbles the Elf is on a
ladder looking into a giant pot of honey. He falls in head
first and comes up all goopy.

BUBBLES

(ON TV) Help! Help!

MOLDY and YENDOR, standing nearby, jump up and down in
alarm. Then Doofy enters riding Nosey, a Curious Bear cub.

DOOFY

(ON TV) Faster, Nosey, faster!

ON COUCH

Enraptured, Lisa mouths along with the following:

DOOFY (CONT'D; O.S.)

(ON TV) We've got to save Bubbles!

ON TV

Nosey rears up on his hind legs and tips over the pot of honey. Bubbles comes oozing out. Nosey repeatedly licks him.

BUBBLES

(ON TV) Stop! Stop it! That tickles!

ON COUCH

Lisa **APPLAUDS** in delight.

BART

Oh man, I can't take it anymore.

Bart leaps to his feet, rushes to the TV, and switches channels.

LISA

But I want to see what happens.

BART

You know what happens. They find Captain Kook's treasure, all the elves dance around like little green idiots, I puke, the end.

LISA

Bart, you're just like Chilly, the elf who cannot love.

BART

Now for some real TV.

Bart rapidly zaps through the channels. **SFX: BOWLING, AUDIENCE LAUGHTER, "THE TRACEY ULLMAN SHOW" THEME, MTV, A FIGHT, A CAR CHASE, AND THEN THE DISTINCTIVE MUSIC FOR "AMERICA'S MOST ARMED AND DANGEROUS."**

BART (CONT'D)

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) All right!

"America's Most Armed and Dangerous."

LISA

Oh, no, Bart, we'll have nightmares.

BART

Relax. This is cinema verite. When the brutal slow-motion killing starts, I'll tell you to shut your eyes.

ANNOUNCER VOICE

(FROM TV) The Cue Ball Killer should be considered extremely armed and dangerous. If you think you've seen him, call 1-800-U-SQUEAL.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CHEZ PIERRE

Homer is wearing a bib with a picture of a lobster on it. He's digging into his dinner. He rips off a claw and **SUCKS** the meat out of it. Then he holds the empty lobster tail to his ear.

HOMER

Hey, you really can hear the ocean in these things.

Marge **LAUGHS**.

MARGE

Homer, you have butter on your ear.

HOMER (CONT'D)

More champagne?

Homer goes to pour the champagne, but the bottle is empty.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ooops. Time for a fill-up. (CALLS)

Garcon! Another bottle of your second-least-expensive champagne.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

The kids are watching TV; they're horrified.

TV ANNOUNCER VOICE

(FROM TV) The defenseless youngsters were tied up and gagged in the living room, while the bandit roamed through the house at will, stealing the valuable objects it took the family a lifetime to shop for.

INT. RESTAURANT - CHEZ PIERRE

Homer and Marge are dancing a MAMBO to a TRIO named "THE LARRY DAVIS EXPERIENCE." Homer is still wearing his bib.

HOMER

(LOVINGLY) You know, Marge, this is just like when we were dating.

MARGE

Except for one thing... no chaperone.

Homer CHUCKLES and wiggles his eyebrows appreciatively.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ON COUCH

The kids are huddled close on the couch.

TV ANNOUNCER VOICE

(FROM TV) The Babysitter Bandit has left a trail of her daring nighttime

(MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER VOICE (CONT'D)

robberies across the continental United States. She could be lurking anywhere, about to descend upon another house full of unsuspecting dupes.

BART

Wow.

ON SCREEN

TV ANNOUNCER

(ON TV) In a moment, we will show you a picture of the real Babysitter Bandit, Miss Lucille Botzucowski. Remember, she may be using a clever alias...

LISA

(WHISPERS TO BART) Botz.

TV ANNOUNCER

...and should be considered armed and dangerous.

We see a mug shot of Ms. Botz. Caption: "LUCILLE BOTZUCOWSKI HEIGHT: 6' WEIGHT: 178"

ON COUCH

The kids SCREAM.

WIDE SHOT

Ms. Botz appears in the doorway holding a rope. The kids look at her and SCREAM.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT THREE

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

BART

RUN FOR IT!

The kids bolt off the couch, and Ms. Botz pursues them with her ropes. Bart and Lisa run to the front door, and realize it's locked.

LISA

Locked!

BART

Oh, man.

We HEAR Ms. Botz's FOOTSTEPS approaching. Lisa runs into the kitchen. Bart scampers down the basement stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Lisa SKIDS into the Kitchen. She picks up the phone and dials.

LISA

(DIALING) One eight hundred you
tattle, no wait, you snitch, no, you...
squeal...

She finishes dialing. SFX: BUSY SIGNAL.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

INT. SIMPSON'S CAR

Homer and Marge are driving along in the rain. **SFX: RAIN, WINDSHIELD WIPERS.** Homer is still wearing his bib. His right arm alternates from being around Marge to shifting the manual transmission. Marge has her head on Homer's shoulder and her eyes are shut. We **HEAR** a **MAMBO** playing on the radio. Homer and Marge are **HUMMING** along. Then we **HEAR** the station identification of KMBO.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

This is K-M-B-O. K-Mambo. All Mambo,
twenty-four hours a day.

HOMER

Don't forget to tell me when you see
the off-ramp.

Marge's eyes open just as the "YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN" sign goes by in the background.

MARGE

Oh, there it...went.

Homer looks at her angrily for a second.

HOMER

No problemo. We'll just get off at the
next exit.

NEW ANGLE

Car drives by a sign that says: "Next Exit 34 Miles"

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT

Ms. Botz steps down the **CREAKY** stairs into the dark basement. We **TRACK** with Ms. Botz as lots of basement junk goes by in the f.g.

MS. BOTZ

(CALLS OUT IN A SWEET BUT OMINOUS
VOICE) Bart. Bart. You're being
very naughty. You're making

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D)

Ms. Botzucowski, I mean, Ms. Botz,
very cranky. And when I get cranky,
someone gets a spanky.

Ms. Botz continues stalking Bart. She puts her hands on
two cabinet doors.

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D)

Are you in... (OPENING CABINETS) here?

There are homemade pickled beets in the cabinets.

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLING) Oh, homemade pickled
beets.

Ms. Botz loads the jars of pickled beets into her pockets.
PAN UP to a shelf where Bart is squatting behind a bowling
ball, which he is about to push onto Ms. Botz's head.

BART

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Go ahead. Take 'em
all.

Bart gives the ball a push. He realizes too late that his
fingers are caught inside the ball, and goes over the edge
with it, crashing to the floor with a resounding THUD.

MS. BOTZ P.O.V.

Bart, whose fingers are caught in the bowling ball, looks
up sheepishly.

BART (CONT'D)

I wish words could somehow express how
truly sorry I am.

Ms. Botz's silhouette descends on Bart.

BACK TO LISA

She's now crouching under the kitchen table, dialing
frantically.

LISA

Come on, come on.

SFX: PHONE RINGING.

LISA (CONT'D)

Finally!

U-SQUEAL OPERATOR'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Hello, Vigilant Viewer.

You have reached "America's Most Armed
and Dangerous."

Lisa is concentrating so intently on the phone that she
doesn't realize she's sliding out from under the table.

LISA

(WHISPERING INTO PHONE) I'm calling to
report the Babysitter Bandit. She's in
our house right --

NEW ANGLE - OVER MS. BOTZ'S SILHOUETTE'S SHOULDER

Ms. Botz reels in Lisa. At the last minute, Lisa looks up
and whimpers.

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - HALLWAY

Homer is about to carry Marge over the open threshold of
the motel room.

HOMER

Come on, Marge. Let me carry you over
the threshold.

MARGE

(WORRIED) Okay, but be careful.

HOMER

Alley oop!

Marge throws her arms around Homer's neck. He lifts her with a GRUNT! He staggers slightly.

MARGE

Watch out! Don't slam my head like last time.

HOMER

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) I won't. Sheesh, eleven years ago, and you've never forgotten it.

Homer struggles to get her through the doorway. Her hair hits the door frame and bends.

MARGE

Don't muss my hair.

Homer backs up and tilts his body so that her hair has full clearance. He plows through the doorway, BANGING his own head in the process.

HOMER

(GRUNTS IN SURPRISED PAIN)

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer staggers to the bed, groggy from the blow.

MARGE

(ENJOYING THE RIDE) Whooooo!

Homer BUMPS his shin on a chair.

HOMER

(PAINED GRUNT)

MARGE

(AS SHE'S DUMPED) Wheeeee!

She rolls around on the undulating waterbed. Homer rubs his injured parts.

MARGE (CONT'D)

This is fun!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Bart is seated on the couch. He is tied up with rope. Ms. Botz comes in carrying Lisa, who is also tied up with rope.

BART

We know who you are, Ms. Botz. Or
should I say, Ms. Botzucowski. You're
the Babysitter Bandit.

Ms. Botz drops Lisa next to Bart on the couch.

MS. BOTZ

You're a smart young man, Bart. I hope
you're smart enough to keep your mouth
shut.

Ms. Botz GRUNTS as she pulls the phone cord out of the wall.

LISA

He isn't.

BART

You're crazy if you think you're going
to get away with this, lady. You
can't --

Ms. Botz has taken a roll of masking tape from her pocket, and wraps it around Bart's mouth, gagging him.

BART

(MUFFLED PROTESTS)

MS. BOTZ

I'm really not a bad person. Here,
while I finish up, you can watch the
rest of your favorite video cassette.

Ms. Botz pops in the video cassette as she exits. We HEAR
the treacly MUSIC of "The Happy Little Elves."

BART

(MUFFLED PROTESTS)

LISA

Quiet, Bart. Let's make the best of
this.

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - MOTEL ROOM

Homer and Marge are on the undulating waterbed, rolling
like two ships on the high seas.

MARGE

(COQUETISH) I think I'll go slip into
something more comfortable.

HOMER

Ooh, your blue thing with the things?

MARGE

(DELIGHTED) You'll see.

HOMER

Well, shake a leg, Mama.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S BEDROOM

Lit by a night-light. Maggie tries to climb over the
railing of her crib, but it's too high. Undaunted, she
leaps up and grabs her mobile, swings back and forth like a
trapeze artist, and catapults herself into the air. She
lands with a THUD on a pile of dolls, all of which SQUEAK
in various ways upon impact.

Maggie pokes her head out of her doorway and looks both ways. Furtively, Maggie makes her way down the hall, falling every few steps. She peeks into the hall closet, where she spies Ms. Botz standing on a high shelf, tossing items into her open suitcases below.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALL CLOSET

MS. BOTZ

(MUTTERING TO HERSELF) Lotta junk...

Hardly worth it... Stupid Sampsons...

Maggie sneaks past the open door, aided by the fact that every time she trips and falls, Ms. Botz drops a heavy object into a suitcase to cover the THUD. We see Maggie start down the staircase.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Bart and Lisa are still tied up on the couch. Maggie enters.

BART

(TO MAGGIE; MUFFLED YELLS)

LISA

(URGENT WHISPERS) Maggie, Maggie, come here.

Maggie looks back and forth between the couch and the TV.

ON TV

"The Happy Little Elves" are dancing and **SINGING** in a circle around the Curious Bear Cub who's sitting in a treasure chest.

ELVES

(ON TV; SINGING) "We're happy, happy,
happy little elves. We're happy,
happy, happy little elves. We're
happy, happy, happy little elves.
That's why we're called the Happy
Little Elves."

BUBBLES

One more time!

ELVES

(ON TV; SINGING) "We're happy, happy,
happy little elves. We're happy,
happy, happy little elves. We're
happy, happy, happy little elves.
That's why we're called the Happy
Little Elves."

ALL ELVES

(AD-LIB) Goodbye! G'bye! Bye,
everybody!

ON COUCH

Bart **POUNDS** his head on the arm of the sofa in frustration.

ON TV

The **MUSIC** rises to a rousing climax. "The End" appears, followed by the Gracie Films logo. Maggie picks up the remote control and tries to work it.

LISA

Maggie, wanna watch "The Happy Little
Elves" again?

Maggie nods and brings the remote control to Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)

Okay, but you have to untie me first.

Maggie approaches Lisa and begins pulling on the ends of the ropes behind Lisa's back.

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - ROOM

Homer is lying on the undulating waterbed.

MARGE (O.S.)

(CALLING SEDUCTIVELY) Oh, Homer.

The bathroom door slowly swings open, revealing Marge posing in the doorway in a blue, feathered babydoll nightgown. Homer's head jerks back and **SMACKS** against the headboard.

HOMER

(SURPRISED & PLEASED) Whoa!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Ms. Botz is emptying Marge's jewelry box into her suitcases. We **HEAR** Maggie **SUCKING** her pacifier O.S. Ms. Botz turns and sees Maggie peeking out from the side of the door.

MS. BOTZ

Oh, so you got out of your crib. I
guess you need to be tied up, too.

Maggie zips off as Ms. Botz slowly and methodically pursues her.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY

A door shuts a beat before Ms. Botz enters the empty hallway looking for Maggie. Ms. Botz stops for a moment, and listens. We **HEAR** the faint sounds of the pacifier **SUCKING**.

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D)

Maggie, where are you?

Ms. Botz listens at one door, and crosses the hall to another door where we **HEAR** the pacifier **SUCKING** much more loudly.

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLES CONFIDENTLY)

We stay in the hallway as Ms. Botz enters the dark room. We **HEAR** the pacifier **SUCKING** O.S.

MS. BOTZ (CONT'D; O.S.)

Maggie... Maggie...

O.S. we **HEAR** a sharp **THUD**, and a **BODY FALL**.

BART'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's black. Lisa flicks on the light switch. We see Bart holding a baseball bat with both hands. He has Maggie's pacifier in his mouth. Lisa is holding the rope. Maggie looks at Ms. Botz, who is out cold on the floor.

LISA

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Awright, Bart!

Maggie **APPLAUDS**. Bart **SUCKS** on the pacifier a la Maggie, and wiggles his eyebrows.

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - ROOM

Homer and Marge are lying contentedly under the covers in the waterbed. Their satisfied expressions leave no doubt that the evening was a success. (NOTE: As the bed undulates we see, in succession, their feet, stomachs, and heads.)

HOMER

Mmmm

CLOSE UP - MARGE

Staring dreamily into space.

MARGE

Homer, would it spoil the mood if I
called home? You know, just to check
on the kids?

We HEAR Homer SNORING O.S. Marge picks up the phone.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM

The kids open Bart's bedroom window, and climb out through
the tree house. Maggie hangs around Bart's neck.

INT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - ROOM

MARGE

Homer, wake up. There's no answer at
home.

HOMER

(SLEEPILY) So?

MARGE

So, I'm worried. I think we should go
home.

HOMER

(YAWN) All right. I suppose my work
here is done. (CHUCKLES)

EXT. PUBLIC PAY PHONE

Bart is on his hands and knees. Lisa is standing on his
back. Over the phone, we HEAR the "America's Most Armed
and Dangerous" THEME.

TV-SHOW OPERATOR'S VOICE

(OVER PHONE) Hello, Vigilant Viewer.

How may we help you?

LISA

(INTO PHONE) We caught her! We caught
the Babysitter Bandit! She's tied up
at our house right now!

BART

Ask if there's a reward!

LISA

(INTO PHONE) Is there a reward?

(BEAT, TO BART) If she's convicted we
get T-shirts.

BART

Yeah!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer and Marge pull into the driveway. Marge leaps out
and **SLAMS** the door. Homer groggily and grumpily follows.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER

MARGE

What a mess. How come all the lights
are on?

HOMER

I don't like the looks of this.

Homer and Marge look around nervously.

MARGE

Ms. Botz? Ms. Botz?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN

Ms. Botz is on the floor, hog-tied and gagged, but
conscious. Her suitcases are nearby. "The Happy Little
Elves" tape is playing on the TV.

HOMER & MARGE (O.S.)

Ms. Botz? Ms. Botz?

Homer and Marge enter the den.

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Good Lord! What have those
little hellions done now?

Homer RIPS the tape off Ms. Botz's mouth, and begins to
untie her.

HOMER

We're so sorry, we're so sorry.

MS. BOTZ

Please turn off the TV.

Marge shuts off the TV.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer and Marge lead Ms. Botz to her car. Homer is
struggling with her suitcases.

MARGE

I can't tell you how chagrined we are
about all of this.

HOMER

These things are heavy.

They load her car. Ms. Botz gets behind the wheel. Homer
takes out his wallet.

HOMER

Just so there's no hard feelings,
here's double your pay. No, no,
triple.

MS. BOTZ

Thank you.

HOMER

Just don't call the cops.

MS. BOTZ

Don't worry, I won't. Mr. Sampson, can
I give you a bit of advice?

HOMER

Sure.

MS. BOTZ

Don't turn your back on that boy for a
second.

HOMER

Ain't that the truth. You know, one
time he --

Ms. Botz **SCREECHES** off in her car.

We **HEAR SIRENS** approaching. A wave of police cars, and the
"America's Most Armed and Dangerous" mobile van pull up,
SCREECHING.

The kids, **POLICEMEN**, "America's Most Armed and Dangerous"
TV REPORTER and **CAMERA CREW** jump out.

BART

This way to the scene of the crime,
men. We've got her tied up in the den.

Bart goes darting into the house. Homer grabs him by the
collar.

HOMER

Just a minute, young man. I don't know what kind of shenanigans you've been pulling this time, but I just had to untie your babysitter and pay her off so that --

A microphone is thrust in Homer's face, and a spotlight is put on him.

TV REPORTER

Excuse me, sir, are you saying to the world that you just aided and abetted the escape of the notorious Babysitter Bandit?

HOMER

The what?

TV REPORTER

The Babysitter Bandit.

HOMER

Babysitter Bandit? (PAUSE) Uh...Uh...No
Are you sure this microphone works?
(TAPS THE MIKE). Uh, well, I wouldn't
say I aided her. (TAPS AGAIN) This is
on, right? Because, actually, it was
quite a struggle. I mean, she
overpowered me, but that's just because
she got the jump on me, and she's so
muscular and-and heavily armed.

Bart **SLAPS** his forehead and shakes his head in disappointment.

BART

Awww, Homer.

CLOSEUP - TV SCREEN

Homer is on TV. The subtitle reads: "Homer Simpson, Local Boob."

HOMER

(ON TV) Have you ever seen a Kung Fu movie? (GESTURES) It was just like that. But now I know her moves. (TO CAMERA) So, if you're listening to me, lady, you better think long and hard before trying something like this on Homer Simpson again.

We HEAR A CLICK as Homer shuts off the TV with the remote control.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed. Homer puts down the remote control.

HOMER

(DEFEATED) Lord help me, I'm just not that bright.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, don't say that. The way I see it, if you raise three children who can knock out and hog-tie a perfect stranger, you must be doing something right.

HOMER

(SADLY) Yeah. (WITH MORE ENTHUSIASM)

Yeah!

They kiss. Homer turns out the light.

HOMER

(HUMS MAMBO)

FADE OUT:

THE END